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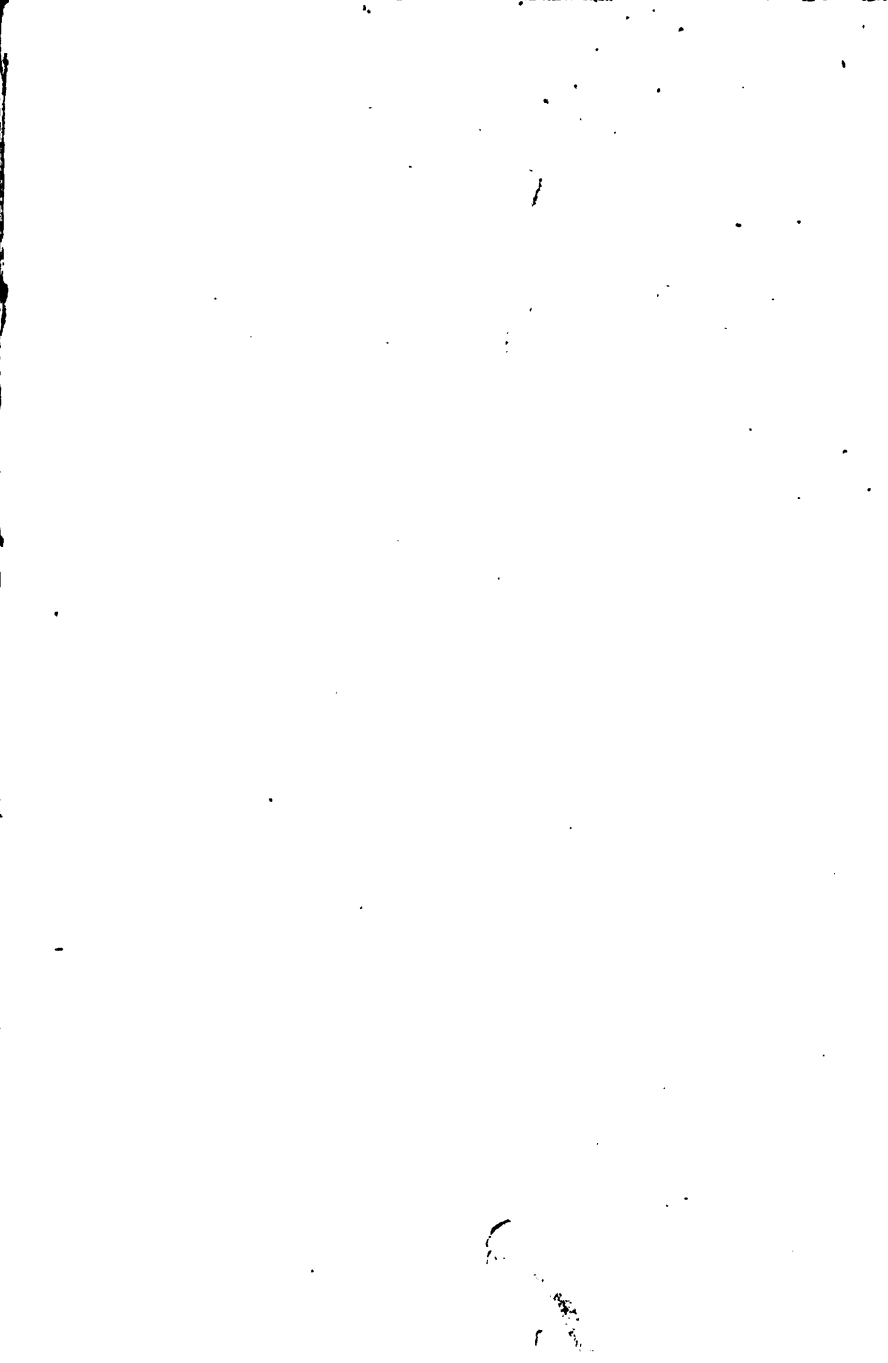
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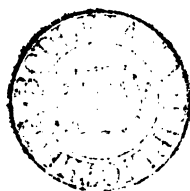


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• PORTRAITS OF CARLYLE.

1837—1866.



*A D'Orsay
fecit*



*Yours very truly always
T. Carlyle.*

[The upper Portrait is from a sketch by Count D'Orsay, taken soon after the publication of "Sartor Resartus," in 1837. That beneath is from a recent likeness taken by a friend.]

ON THE
CHOICE OF BOOKS.

The Inaugural Address
OF
THOMAS CARLYLE,
LORD RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

• REPRINTED FROM "THE TIMES,"

WITH ADDITIONAL ARTICLES, A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,
AND TWO PORTRAITS.



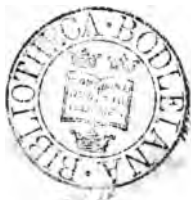
No. 5, Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
THE RESIDENCE OF MR. CARLYLE SINCE 1834.

LONDON:
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY.

1866.

270. g 84.

LONDON :
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.



PRELIMINARY.

THE general belief that Carlyle is a gloomy misanthrope, scarcely ever seen outside his own door, is quite an error. Like Thackeray—and, indeed, most other sensible authors—he has no disinclination to accept an invitation to a good dinner. Only a few nights ago, he was the guest of the fashionable young officers on guard at St. James's Palace, who were delighted at having the great man amongst them—and in full talk, too. It was not like any ordinary conversation—says one that was present—it was as if the speaker was giving a long recitation from some favourite book—an essay, a philosophical poem thrown into prose—and experienced a tranquil, steady pleasure from the recital. He touched upon his best-beloved topics, and held forth their excellencies, as some ancient philosopher might have done when moving amongst his scholars in those early schools of the classic period, which have been imagined in the designs of the old masters. Carlyle's conversation is, perhaps, the best living representation of Coleridge's style and manner.

He has, however, a strong dislike to make himself conspicuous in any way. In his own neighbourhood of Chelsea he is never known to take part in public affairs, parochial or otherwise. He has, in short, a horror of the stump and the "Vestry Hall." The suburb, however, has evidently attractions for him of a peculiar

kind. Leigh Hunt's removal to Chelsea was owing to him, as all readers of Hunt's correspondence will remember. Hunt lived in Upper Cheyne Row, within a stone's throw of his illustrious friend; and many were the visits between the two houses—Carlyle being always ready to step in when any of those little difficulties about the water-rate or the butcher's bill, which "vex the poet's mind," required the prompt assistance of a friend, whose motto was, *bis dat qui cito dat*. Retired as is Carlyle's life, his gaunt figure, attired in a brown coat, and dark horn buttons, and with a large slouched felt hat, is familiar enough to Chelsea people. Nor will the denizens of that historico-literary locality let him pass quite so unnoticed as he would desire. Already a sort of pre-posthumous fame has gathered about him; and the gentleman who wrote the life of Turner, and collected so much about that immortal genius from Chelsea folks, would find Chelsea no less fruitful of anecdote about Carlyle. There they tell how the great author of "Hero Worship" one day found himself without threepence to pay a fare, and how an irreverent omnibus conductor, having evidently strong doubts of his character, deputed a sharp newspaper boy to accompany him to the address he had given, and see "all was right;" and how the boy was interrogated by the philosopher with "Weel, cawn ye read?" and so forth; and found him "a very nice man," and hastened to the omnibus conductor to communicate the fact, that the supposed cheat was "a gentleman, and really did live in Great Cheyne Row," as he had solemnly alleged.

Carlyle always walks at night, carrying an enormous stick, and generally with his eyes on the ground.

When he is in London any one may be sure of meeting him in some of the dark streets of that locality about midnight, taking his constitutional walk before retiring to bed—a custom which he continued all through the “garrotting” panic, in spite of warnings of friends that the history of Frederick the Great might one day be brought to a stop before the completion of the last volume. Probably the philosopher was quite willing to trust to his knotted stick, although walking alone, as is his invariable custom. Occasionally he may be seen on horseback; and the good Chelsea folks, whom the philosopher will doubtless pardon for a little excess of that form of “hero-worship” which delights in accumulating details about “living celebrities,” tell how he grooms his own horse, keeping it in a stable on an odd piece of waste ground among donkeys, cows, and geese, who have also their abodes there, and from the crazy gateway of which he issues forth, always unattended, sitting erect in the saddle, like a skeleton guardsman. His solitary habits, however, are not altogether unbroken. Though it is rare indeed that he is ever seen to stop and speak to a grown person in the street—probably because he knows but one or two personally in his own neighbourhood—he is always ready to recognise little children. The keeper of a small confectioner’s shop near the river-side tells with delight how he will call upon her for extravagant quantities of cheap sweetmeats, with which he will sometimes stop and load the laps of a little group of poor children in some of the purlieus of Lawrence-street—that locality once hallowed by the presence of Smollett, Toland, and Budgell—but now, alas! sadly fallen from its old gentility.

Some popular anecdotes of him, however, are not, it must be confessed, of so genial a character. Mr. Babbage himself is not more sensitive to street noises, for which reason—this was before the days of Mr. Bass's bill—our philosopher would often be seen to rush out without his hat to offer the proprietor, of a dreadful organ a bribe; failing which he would seize the outlandish offender by the coat collar and forcibly deposit him, instrument and all, at the door of a neighbouring literary man, who had rendered himself conspicuous by defending the organ-grinding nuisance in the public press. Equally famous in that locality is his hatred of fowls and their noise: a neighbour's fowls having, as he once complained, succeeded in banishing him to an upper garret, because, as he said in his peculiar broad Doric, "they would neither hatch in peace, nor let him." Generally, however, the philosopher and historian's friends may be glad to know that he enjoys a degree of retirement and seclusion not easily to be found in the suburbs of the metropolis. The street in which he resides is silent, deserted, and antique. A large garden, fit for philosophic meditation, and enclosed in fine old red brick walls—strangely neglected, by the way, and exhibiting all the "rank luxuriance" of the jungle—lies at the back of the house, where "rumours of the outward world" rarely reach him; and where, we hope, we may be pardoned for this brief, but not irreverent glance at the far-famed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN.

PICCADILLY, 6th April, 1866.

MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

THE Lord Rector's admirable Address may be very appropriately introduced by a short memoir* of himself.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born December 4th, 1795, at Ecclefechan, a small village in Middlebie, Dumfriesshire. There, also, Dr. Currie, the biographer of Burns, was born. He was the eldest son of a rather numerous family. His father, an agriculturist, was noted for quickness of mental perception, and great energy and decision of character; his mother as affectionate, pious, and more than ordinarily intelligent: and thus accepting his own theory, that "the history of a man's childhood is the description of his parents' environment," Mr. Carlyle entered upon the "mystery of life" under happy and enviable circumstances. After preliminary instruction, first at the parish school, and afterwards at Annan, he went, in 1810, and when he was fifteen years old,

* The few facts here strung together give *only* the leading particulars of Mr. Carlyle's career. The sketch makes not the slightest pretension to be anything more than a mere outline.

to the University of Edinburgh. Here he remained for seven or eight years, distinguishing himself by his devotion to mathematical studies then taught there by Professor Leslie. As a student, he was irregular in his application, but when he did set to work, it was with his whole energy. He appears to have been a great reader of general literature at this time, and the stories that are told of the books that he got through are scarcely to be credited. It was at school that Carlyle formed a friendship with Edward Irving, the once celebrated preacher. The first and last interviews with this extraordinary man are thus described by Mr. Carlyle:—"The first time I saw Irving was six-and-twenty years ago (1809), in his native town, Annan. He was fresh from Edinburgh, with college prizes, high character, and promise. He had come to see our schoolmaster, who had also been his. He heard of famed professors, of high matters; classical, mathematical—a whole wonderland of knowledge; nothing but joy, health, hopefulness without end looked out from the blooming young man. The last time I saw him was three months ago, in London; friendliness still beamed in his eyes, but now from amid unquiet fire; his face was flaccid, wasted, unsound; hoary as with extreme age: he was trembling over the brink of the grave. Adieu, thou first friend—adieu, while this confused twilight of existence lasts!

.

Might we meet where twilight has become day!" *

During the whole time of his attendance at the University, the intercourse with Irving was maintained; and, although Carlyle had, at his parents' desire, commenced his studies with a view to entering the Scottish Church, the idea of becoming a minister was abandoned long before he left college. A fellow-student describes his habits at this time as lonely and contemplative; and we know from another source that his vacations were principally spent among the hills and by the rivers of his native county. When he left Edinburgh he seems to have been completely undecided as to his future course. However, two vacancies occurring just at this time in schools at Dysart, in Fifeshire, and in Kirkaldy, he, with his friend Irving, engaged themselves as teachers, Carlyle taking the post of tutor in mathematics, as he had distinguished himself in that branch at the university. He remained here about two years, becoming more and more convinced that neither as minister nor as school-master was he to successfully fight his way up in the world. It had become clear to him that literature was his true vocation, and he would have started in the profession at once had it been convenient for him to do so.

Parting with Irving about 1822-23, he acted

* "Miscellanies," vol. iv.

as tutor to the lamented Mr. Charles Buller, whose honourable public career was prematurely terminated by death in his forty-second year, in 1848. "His light, airy brilliancy," said Carlyle, "has suddenly become solemn, fixed in the earnest stillness of eternity."

During the leisure afforded by this engagement, Carlyle made preparations to devote his services to literature: he left Mr. Buller in 1827. Few, probably, have ever embraced the profession with qualifications so wide, or with aims so high or so severe. "Apart altogether from his diligence in learning, and from the extraordinary amount of acquired knowledge of all kinds which was the fruit of it, there had been remarked in him from the first a strong originality of character, a noble earnestness and fervour in all that he said or did, and a vein of inherent constitutional contempt for the mean and the frivolous, inclining him, in some degree, to a life of isolation and solitude."

He had already written several articles and essays, and a few of them had appeared in print; but we believe his first regular appearance as an author was made in Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb's *London Magazine*, in 1823, when he contributed, in monthly portions, to that periodical (then edited by Mr. John Edward Taylor—only recently deceased), his "Life of Schiller," which he enlarged and published in a separate form in 1825. Hunt and Carlyle were very friendly at

this time, and often met at their own houses or in those of mutual friends. Mr. Horne tells a story very characteristic of both men. Soon after the publication of "Heroes and 'Hero Worship'" they were at a small party, when a conversation was started between these two concerning the heroism of man. "Leigh Hunt had said something about the islands of the blest, or El Dorado, or the Millennium, and was flowing on his bright and hopeful way, when Carlyle dropped some heavy tree-trunk across Hunt's pleasant stream, and banked it up with philosophical doubts and objections at every interval of the speaker's joyous progress. But the unmitigated Hunt never ceased his overflowing anticipations, nor the saturnine Carlyle his infinite demurs to those finite flourishings. The listeners laughed and applauded by turns; and had now fairly pitted them against each other, as the philosopher of hopefulness and of the unhopeful. The contest continued with all that ready wit and philosophy, that mixture of pleasantry and profundity, that extensive knowledge of books and character, with their ready application in argument or illustration, and that perfect ease and good nature which distinguish both of these men. The opponents were so well matched that it was quite clear the contest would never come to an end. But the night was far advanced, and the party broke up. They all sallied forth, and leaving

the close room, the candles and the arguments behind them, suddenly found themselves in presence of a most brilliant starlight night. They all looked up. 'Now,' thought Hunt, 'Carlyle's done for! he can have no answer to that!' 'There,' shouted Hunt, 'look up there, look at that glorious harmony, that sings with infinite voices an eternal song of Hope in the soul of man.' Carlyle looked up. They all remained silent to hear what he would say. They began to think he was silenced at last—he was a mortal man. But out of that silence came a few low-toned words, in a broad Scotch accent. And who on earth could have anticipated what the voice said? 'Eh! it's a sad sight!' Hunt sat down on a stone step. They all laughed—then looked very thoughtful. Had the finite measured itself with infinity, instead of surrendering itself up to the influence? Again they laughed—then bade each other good night, and betook themselves homeward with slow and serious pace. There might be some reason for sadness, too. That brilliant firmament probably contained infinite worlds, each full of struggling and suffering beings—of beings who had to die—for life in the stars implies that those bright worlds should also be full of graves; but all that life, like ours, knowing not whence it came, nor whither it goeth, and the brilliant universe in its great movement having, perhaps, no more certain

knowledge of its ultimate destination, than hath one of the suffering specks that compose the small spot we inhabit.”*

It was about this time, 1824-5, that he contributed to Brewster's (now Sir David) “*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*” some able biographical articles on “*Montesquieu*,” “*Montaigne*,” “*Norfolk*,” “*Nelson*,” and the two “*Pitts*.” He also furnished an essay on Joanna Baillie's “*Plays of the Passions*,” together with some literary notices to the *New Edinburgh Review*. In the same year he completed a translation of Legendre's “*Geometry*,” to which he prefixed an “*Essay on Proportions*,” and also published his translation of Goethe's “*Wilhelm Meister*.”

We don't know whether the reader has ever had pointed out to him a small volume, entitled “*Sintrim and his Companions : a Romance from the German*,” printed about 1820-21, accompanied by the remark that it was the earliest work, in the way of translating of Thomas Carlyle. We have heard such a statement made by an experienced bibliographer, and had the volume shown us as a great treasure, but the story may have no foundation. Be this as it may, the late tutor had devoted much of his leisure when in the school in Fifeshire, and when engaged with Mr. Buller, to a study of the German language and literature. It is said that his “*Life of Schiller*,”

* “*A New Spirit of the Age*,” vol. i. p. 278.

as well as the translation of "Wilhelm Meister," were mainly produced during the leisure afforded by this last engagement. It was this acquaintance with German literature which had familiarized him with ideas, modes of thinking, and types of literary character, not then generally known in this country, but which, in his opinion, were more deserving of being known than much of a corresponding kind that was occupying and ruling British thought. The translation of "Wilhelm Meister" appeared without the name of the translator, but its merits were too palpable to be overlooked, though some critics objected to the strong infusion of German phraseology which had been imported into the English version. This acquired idiom never left our author, even in his original works, although the "Life of Schiller" written but a few months before, is almost entirely free from the peculiarity.

The translation of "Wilhelm Meister," in 1824, was the first real introduction of Goethe to the reading world of Great Britain. From this introduction there sprang a friendly correspondence betwixt the "the true sovereign soul of German literature," as Carlyle had styled Goethe, and his English translator. This friendship lasted until the decease of the poet in 1832: some of Carlyle's letters to the great man may be found in Goethe's published correspondence. "Wilhelm Meister," in its English dress, was

better received by the English reading public than by English critics. De Quincey, in one of his dyspeptic fits, fell upon the book, its author, and the translator; and Lord Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, although admitting Carlyle to be a talented person, heaped condemnation upon the work.

It was in 1827 (or, according to some accounts, twelve months before) that Mr. Carlyle married Miss Welch, a lineal descendant of John Knox, and a lady fitted in every way to be the wife of such a man. For a short time after marriage he continued to reside in Edinburgh, but during the year he took up his residence in his native county, alternately at Comely Bank and Craigenputtoch—the latter a solitary farmhouse on a small estate he had acquired through Mrs. Carlyle, about fifteen miles from Dumfries, and in one of the most secluded parts of the country. Most of his letters to Goethe were written from this place.

Mr. Carlyle, in his recent address, spoke with much warmth on the value of "silence," and the necessity for man's seclusion as a refiner. "He wont get to any real understanding of what is complex, and what is more than any other pertinent to his interests, without maintaining silence," said the new Lord Rector. In one of the letters sent from Craigenputtoch to Weimar, we have a charming picture of our

author's seclusion and retired literary life at this period :—" You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed, and planted ground, where corn ripens, and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling ; here, in the absence of professorial or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the rose and flowers of our garden ; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak

nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation : for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St. Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forbode me no good result. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own ; here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases ourselves, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance ; for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment piled up upon the table of my little library a whole cart-load of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth ? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. But whither am I wandering ? Let me

confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it; at least pray write to me again, and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you. * * * The only piece of any importance that I have written since I came here, is an "Essay on Burns." Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet he is a man of the most decided genius, but born in the lowest rank of peasant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position, was at length mournfully wrecked, so that what he effected is comparatively unimportant. He died in the middle of his career, in the year 1796. We English, especially we Scotch, love Burns more than any poet that lived for centuries. I have often been struck by the fact that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or, if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light."

The essay on Burns, alluded to here, was one of Mr. Carlyle's earliest contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. His first article was the well-known one on "Jean Paul," in 1827, which was followed by a still more striking paper on "German Literature." The one on Burns came next. Contributions to the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and to other periodicals, as well as to

Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," were also made from this secluded spot.

We may consider our author at this time as a literary man, in the full tide of hard work, choosing to live, for the convenience of his labour and the satisfaction of his own tastes, in a retired nook, whence he could correspond with his friends, occasionally visit the nearest of them, and now and then receive their visits in return. When visiting Edinburgh at this time, his friends were Wilson, of Christopher North celebrity, and Francis Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Among the more distant friends who visited him no one was more welcome than Ralph Waldo Emerson, the American Carlyle as he has been termed in his own country. Attracted to the Scotch author by his writings, and by a strong similarity in tastes and ideas, he travelled all the way to Dumfriesshire by coach and steamer, on the occasion of his first visit to England, expressly to see him. Of Carlyle's continental correspondents, Goethe was the most valued. We may say that he looked up to the great German bard as to a master, but that his American brother author was welcomed and respected as a fellow labourer in the same path of duty. The death of Goethe and of Scott, both in one year, 1832, impressed Carlyle deeply, and touching tributes to their memories were written by the surviving friend.

It was during his residence in his Dumfries

home that "Sartor Resartus" ("The Tailor Done Over," the name of an old Scotch ballad) was composed, which, after being rejected by several publishers, finally made its appearance in "Fraser's Magazine," 1833-34. The book—a five years' labour—might well have puzzled the critical gentlemen—the "book-tasters"—who decide for publishers what work to print among those submitted in manuscript. It is a sort of philosophical romance, in which the author undertakes to give, in the form of a review of a German work on dress, and in a notice of the life of the writer, his own opinions upon matters and things in general. The hero, Professor Teufelsdröckh ("Devil's Dirt"), seems to be intended for a portrait of human nature as affected by the moral influence to which a cultivated mind would be exposed by the transcendental philosophy of Fichte. Mr. Carlyle works out his theory—the clothes philosophy—and finds the world false and hollow, our institutions mere worn-out rags or disguises, and that our only safety lies in flying from falsehood to truth, and becoming in harmony with the "divine idea." There is much fanciful, grotesque description in "Sartor," with deep thought and beautiful imagery.

With the publication of these papers in book form, "reprinted for friends," the next period in Mr. Carlyle's literary life may be said to begin.

It was during the negotiations for their publication that he was induced to remove to London—a step which he finally took, we believe in the latter part of 1834. Since that year Mr. Carlyle has permanently resided in London, in an old-fashioned red-brick house of the Queen Anne period, situated in Great Cheyne Row, a quiet thoroughfare, running at right angles to the river Thames at Chelsea. An old friend, Daniel Maclise, the distinguished artist, lives but a few doors off, around the corner at No. 4, Cheyne Walk. The artist made a portrait-sketch of his neighbour for *Fraser* in 1835.

"Sartor" found but few admirers; those readers, however, were firm and enthusiastic in their applause. In 1838 the "*Sartor Resartus*" papers, already republished in the United States, were issued in a collected form here; and in the same year his various scattered articles in periodicals, after having similarly received the honour of republication in America, were published here in five volumes, the articles being arranged in chronological order from 1827 to 1837, under the title of "*Miscellanies*." The biographical articles in these volumes on Mirabeau, Voltaire, Boswell's Johnson, Burns, and Scott, are admirable in every way.

It was in the spring of 1839 that our author's great work appeared, "*The French Revolution* : vol. I. *The Bastille* ; vol. II. *The Constitution* ;

vol. III. *The Guillotine.*" The publication of this work produced a profound impression on the public mind. A history abounding in vivid and graphic descriptions, it was at the same time a gorgeous prose epic. It is by far the ablest of all the author's works, and indeed is one of the most remarkable books of the age. There is no account of the French Revolution that can be compared with this for intensity of feeling and profoundness of thought.

Carlyle first appeared as a lecturer in 1837. His first course was on "German Literature," at Willis's Rooms. The following year he delivered a second course on the "History of Literature, or the Successive Periods of European Culture," at the Literary Institution in Edwards-street, Portman-square. "The Revolutions of Modern Europe" was the title given to the third course, delivered twelve months later. The fourth and last series, of six lectures, is the best remembered, "Heroes and Hero-worship." This course alone was published, and it became more immediately popular than any of the works which had preceded it. Concerning these lectures, Leigh Hunt remarked that it seemed "as if some Puritan had come to life again, liberalized by German philosophy and his own intense reflexions and experience." Another critic, a Scotch writer, could see nothing but wild impracticability in them, and exclaimed, "Can any

living man point to a single practical passage in any of these lectures? If not, what is the real value of Mr. Carlyle's teachings? What is Mr. Carlyle himself but a phantasm!" The vein of Puritanism running through his writings, composed upon the model of the German school, impressed many critics with the belief that their author, although full of fire and energy, was perplexed and embarrassed with his own speculations. Concerning this Puritan element in his reflections, Mr. James Hannay remarks, "That earnestness, that grim humour—that queer, half-sarcastic, half-sympathetic fun—is quite Scotch. It appears in Knox and Buchanan, and it appears in Burns. I was not surprised when a school-fellow of Carlyle's told me that his favourite poem was, when a boy, 'Death and Doctor Hornbook.' And if I were asked to explain this originality, I should say that he was a Covenanter coming in the wake of the eighteenth century and the transcendental philosophy. He has gone into the hills against 'shams,' as they did against Prelacy, Erastianism, and so forth. But he lives in a quieter age, and in a literary position. So he can give play to the humour which existed in them as well, and he overflows with a range of reading and speculation to which they were necessarily strangers."

"Chartism," published in 1839, and which, to use the words of a critic of the time, was the

publication in which "he first broke ground on the Condition of England question," appeared a short time before the lectures on "Heroes and Hero-worship" were delivered. In a comment on the recent Edinburgh Address, in one of the London journals, it is stated that this course was delivered at Edwards-street, Portman-square; but if we remember rightly, it was at the London Institution that Mr. Carlyle gave forth "those grand utterances," extemporaneously and without an abstract, notes, or a reminder of any kind. "Chartism" had for a motto, "It never Smokes but there is Fire."

In 1843, "Past and Present" appeared—a work without the wild power which "Sartor Resartus" possessed over the feelings of the reader, but containing passages which look the same way, and breathe the same spirit. The book contrasts, in a historico-philosophical spirit, English society in the Middle Ages, with English society in our own day. In both this and the preceding work the great measures advised for the amelioration of the people are education and emigration.

The next work that appeared from his pen—a special service to history, and to the memory of one of England's greatest men—was "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations and a Connecting Narrative," two volumes, published in 1845. If there were any doubt re-

maining after the publication of the "French Revolution" what position our author might occupy amongst the historians of the age, it was fully removed on the appearance of "Cromwell's Letters." The work obtained a great and an immediate popularity; and though bulky and expensive, a very large impression was quickly sold. These speeches and letters of Cromwell, the spelling and punctuation corrected, and a few words added here and there for clearness' sake, and to accommodate them to the language and style in use now, were first made intelligible and effective by Mr. Carlyle. His comments—or "elucidations," as he terms them—are generally admirable. "The authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself," he says, "I have gathered them from far and near; fished them up from the foul Lethean quagmires where they lay buried. I have washed, or endeavoured to wash them clean from foreign stupidities—such a job of buckwashing as I do not long to repeat—and the world shall now see them in their own shape." The work was at once republished in America, and two editions were called for here within the year.

In 1850 appeared the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," essays suggested by the convulsions of 1848, in which, more than in any previous publication, the author spoke out in the character of a social and political censor of his own age.

“He seemed to be the worshipper of mere brute force, the advocate of all harsh, coercive measures. Model prisons and schools for the reform of criminals, poor-laws, churches as at present constituted, the aristocracy, parliament, and other institutions, were assailed and ridiculed in unmeasured terms, and generally, the English public was set down as composed of sham heroes, and a valet or ‘flunkey’ world.” From their very nature as stern denunciations of what the author considered contemporary fallacies, wrongs, and hypocrisies, these pamphlets produced a storm of critical indignation against the author, which was still raging when, in 1851, he gave to the world his “Life of John Sterling,” which has been described as “one of the finest biographies ever written.” This book may be considered as having been written from a desire on the part of the author to pay an affectionate tribute to the memory of a dear friend. Mr. Sterling, the son of Captain Sterling, the “Thunderer of the *Times*,” had written a few volumes in prose and verse, undistinguished by any very marked features of originality; but he was amiable, accomplished, and brilliant in conversation. His friends were strongly attached to him, and among those friends were Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Carlyle. Sterling died in 1848, in his thirty-eighth year; and soon after the Archdeacon edited for publication a collection of his

young friend's "Tales and Essays," prefixing a short memoir of their author. Carlyle was dissatisfied with this life as the Archdeacon had written of the deceased as if he had always been a clergyman; whereas he had only acted as a curate for a few months, and latterly had become sceptical—or, at least, held opinions very different from those usually promulgated by the Church. As a literary work, Mr. Carlyle's "Life of Sterling" is a finished performance; but the tone adopted by the biographer in treating of Sterling's religious relapse, brought down upon the book considerable censure.

The last work, and the one that was announced to be the great literary labour of his life, "The History of Frederick II., called Frederick the Great," has been published in portions from 1858 down to 1864. On the death of the Earl of Ellesmere, in 1857, our author was appointed a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery.

Mr. Carlyle never visited America; but in 1835, after the publication of "Sartor Resartus," he received an invitation from several American admirers of his writings to visit their country, and he contemplated doing so, but his labours in examining and collecting material for his great work on "The French Revolution," then hastening towards completion, prevented him.

With respect to the portraits of Mr. Carlyle, one of the first, if not the earliest, was taken

by the skilful Lawrence about 1833-4. It is perhaps the most intellectual-looking of all the published likenesses; the beetle-browed, stern figure presents to one's mind the very ideal of a giant in thought. Count D'Orsay's sketch, published by Mitchell in 1839, is highly characteristic of the artist; and if Mr. Carlyle should ever relax his opinions upon society, and desire to go down to posterity as a fashionable personage, rather than as a stern moralist, this will be his favourite portrait. It was taken when no man of position was counted a dutiful subject who did not wear a black satin stock and a Petersham coat. The portrait on our cover is from a sketch by a friend taken in 1859. It is an admirable likeness. Another by Macclise may be seen in the large cartoon etching of the writers in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1835. It represents a banquet—one of those given by Maginn and Fraser—in the snug room at the back of the shop, 212, Regent-street. Maginn is in the chair, and around the table may be seen Barry Cornwall, Southey, Thackeray, Macnish, Ainsworth, Coleridge, Hogg, Croker, Lockhart, Theodore Hook, Sir David Brewster, D'Orsay, Carlyle, and many others. An excellent portrait appeared some months ago in the *Illustrated London News*, and another, not quite so good, came out in the now defunct *Critic*, six or seven years since. The medallion by Woolner is very

artistic, but scarcely conveys the peculiarities of the face. Recently some admirable photographs have appeared, but they are too true—painfully true—for, with the peculiarity of the lens, the wrinkles and seams in the face are intensified in such a manner as to give an unnatural, if not unhealthy, expression. If we are mortal, we need not always be looked at through an optical glass.

The proceedings connected with his election to the high office of Lord Rector of the Edinburgh University, when he defeated Mr. Disraeli by two votes to one, are too recent to require any mention here. The scene at the installation on Monday, the 2nd of April last, was one of the most extraordinary ever remembered on such an occasion. The Edinburgh correspondent to a London paper thus describes what took place:—

“ A vast interest among the intelligent public has been excited by the prospect of Mr. Thomas Carlyle’s appearance to be installed as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. With the exception of the delivery of his lectures on Heroes and Hero-worship, he has avoided oratory; and to many of his admirers the present occasion seemed likely to afford their only chance of ever seeing him in the flesh, and hearing his living voice. The result has been, that the University authorities have been beset by appli-

cations in number altogether unprecedented—to nearly all of which they could only give the reluctant answer, that admission for strangers was impossible. The students who elect Mr. Carlyle received tickets, if they applied within the specified time, and the members of the University council, or graduates, obtained the residue according to priority of application. Ladies' tickets to the number of one hundred and fifty were issued, each professor obtaining four, and the remaining thirty being placed at the disposal of Sir David Brewster, the Principal. And the one hundred and fifty lucky ladies were conspicuous in the front of the gallery to-day, having been admitted before the doors for students and other males were open. The hour appointed for letting them in was kept precisely—it was half-past one P.M.; but an hour before it, despite occasional showers of rain, a crowd had begun to gather at the front door of the music-hall, and at the opening of the door it had gathered to proportions sufficient to half fill the building, its capacity under severe crushing being about two thousand. When the door was opened they rushed in as crowds of young men only can and dare rush, and up the double stairs they streamed like a torrent; which torrent, however, policemen and check-gates soon moderated. I chanced to fall into a lucky current of the crowd and got in among the first two or three hundred, and got

forward to the fourth seat from the platform, as good a place for seeing and hearing as any. The proceedings of the day were fixed to commence at two P.M., and the half hour of waiting was filled up by the students in throwing occasional volleys of peas, whistling *en masse* various lively tunes, and in clambering, like small escalading parties, on to and over the platform to take advantage of the seats in the organ gallery behind. For Edinburgh students, however, let me say that these proceedings were singularly decorous. They did indulge in a little fun, when nothing else was doing, but they did not come for that alone. Any student who wanted fun could have sold his ticket at a handsome profit, for which better fun could be had elsewhere. I heard among the crowd that some students had got so high a price as a guinea each for their tickets, and I heard of others who had been offered no less, but had refused it. And I must say further, that they listened to Mr. Carlyle's address with as much attention and reverence as they could have bestowed on a prophet—only I daresay most prophets would have elicited less applause and laughter. Shortly before two, the city magistrates and a few other personages mounted the platform, and, with as much quietness as the fancy of the students directed, took the seats which had been marked out for them by large

red pasteboard tickets. At two precisely the students in the organ gallery started to the tops of the seats and began to cheer vociferously, and almost instantly all the audience followed their example. The procession was on its way through the hall, and in half a minute Lord Provost Chambers, in his official robes, mounted the platform stair; then Principal Sir David Brewster and Lord Rector Carlyle, both in their gold-laced robes of office; then the Rev. Dr. Lee, and the other professors, in their gowns; also the LL.D.'s to be, in black gowns. Lord Neaves and Dr. Guthrie were there in an LL.D.'s black gown and blue ribbons; Mr. Harvey, the President of the Royal Academy, and Sir D. Baxter, Bart.—men conspicuous in their plain clothes. Dr. Lee offered up a prayer of a minute and a half, at the 'Amen' of which I could see Mr. Carlyle bow very low. Then the business of the occasion commenced. Mr. Gibson—a tall, thin, pale-faced, beardless, acute, composed-looking young gentleman, in an M.A.'s gown—introduced Mr. Carlyle, 'the most distinguished son of the University,' to the Principal, Sir David Brewster, as the Lord Rector elected by the students. Sir David saluted him as such, thinking, perhaps, of the time when, an unknown young man, Thomas Carlyle wrote articles for Brewster's 'Cyclopædia,' and got Brewster's name to introduce to public notice his translation

of Legendre's 'Geometry.' Next Professor Muirhead, for the time being the Dean of the Faculty of Laws in the University, introduced various gentlemen to the Principal in order, as persons whom the senate had thought worthy of the degree of LL.D., giving a dignified, but not always very happy, account of the merits of each. There was Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, Mr. Carlyle's host for the time being and often previously, an old friend of Irving and Chalmers, himself the writer of various elegant and sincere religious books, and one of the best and most amiable of men. If intelligent goodness ever entitled any one to the degree of LL.D., he certainly deserves it; and when I say this, I do not insinuate that on grounds of pure intellect he is not well entitled to the honour. He is now, I should think, nearer eighty than seventy years of age—a mild-looking, full-eyed old man, with a face somewhat of the type of Lord Derby's. There was Professor Huxley, young in years, dark, heavy-browed, alert and resolute, but not moulded after any high ideal; and there was Professor Tyndal, also young, lithe of limb, and nonchalant in manner. When his name was called he sat as if he had no concern in what was going on, and then rose with an easy smile, partly of modesty, but in great measure of indifference. Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer and first discoverer of the fate of Sir John Franklin,

who is an M.D. of Edinburgh, was now made LL.D. He is of tall, wiry, energetic figure, slightly baldish, with greyish curly hair, keen handsome face, high crown and sloping forehead, and his bearing is that of a soldier—of a man who has both given and obeyed commands, and been drilled to stand steady and upright. Carlyle himself was offered the degree of LL.D., but he declined the honour, laughing it off in fact in a letter with such excuses as that he had a brother a Dr. Carlyle (an M.D., also a man of genius, I insert parenthetically, and known in literature as a translator of ‘Dante’), and that if two Dr. Carlyles should appear at Paradise mistakes might arise. After all the LL.D.’s had heard their merits enumerated, and had had a black hood or wallet of some kind, with a blue ribbon conspicuous in it, flung over their heads, Principal Brewster announced that the Lord Rector would now deliver his address. Thereupon Mr. Carlyle rose at once, shook himself out of his gold-laced rectorial gown, left it on his chair, and stepped quietly to the table, and drawing his tall bony frame into a position of straight perpendicularity not possible to one man in five hundred at seventy years of age, he began to speak quietly and distinctly, but nervously. There was a slight flush on his face, but he bore himself with composure and dignity, and in the course of half an hour he was obviously begin-

ning to feel at his ease, so far at least as to have adequate command over the current of his thought. He spoke on quite freely and easily, hardly ever repeated a word, never looked at a note, and only once returned to finish up a topic from which he had deviated. He apologized for not having come with a written discourse. It was usual, and 'it would have been more comfortable for me just at present,' but he had tried it, and could not satisfy himself, and 'as the spoken word comes from the heart,' he had resolved to try that method. What he said in words will be learned otherwise than from me. I could not well describe it; but I do not think I ever heard any address that I should be so unwilling to blot from my memory. Not that there was much in it that cannot be found in his writings, or inferred from them; but the manner of the man was a key to the writings, and for naturalness and quiet power I have never seen anything to compare with it. He did not deal in rhetoric. He talked—it was continuous, strong, quiet talk—like a patriarch about to leave the world to the young lads who had chosen him and were just entering the world. His voice is a soft, downy voice—not a tone in it is of the shrill, fierce kind that one would expect it to be in reading the Latter-day Pamphlets. There was not a trace of effort or of affectation, or even of extravagance. Shrewd common sense there was in abundance.

There was the involved disrupted style also, but it looked so natural that reflection was needed to recognise in it that very style which purists find to be un-English and unintelligible. Over the angles of this disrupted style rolled not a few cascades of humour—quite as if by accident. He let them go, talking on in his soft, downy accents, without a smile; occasionally for an instant looking very serious, with his dark eyes beating like pulses, but generally looking merely composed and kindly, and, so to speak, father-like. He concluded by reciting his own translation of a poem of Goethe—

The future hides in it gladness and sorrow.

And this he did in a style of melancholy grandeur not to be described, but still less to be forgotten. It was then alone that the personality of the philosopher and poet were revealed continuously in his manner of utterance. The features of his face are familiar to all from his portraits. But I do not think any portrait, unless, perhaps, Woolner's medallion, gives full expression to the resolution that is visible in his face. Besides, they all make him look sadder and older than he appears. Although he be threescore and ten, his hair is still abundant and tolerably black, and there is considerable colour in his cheek. Not a man of his age on that platform to-day looked

so young, and he had done more work than any ten on it."

The correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives some interesting particulars:—

"Mr. Carlyle had not spoken in public before yesterday, since those grand utterances on Heroes and Hero-worship in the institute in Edwards-street, Marylebone, which one can scarcely believe, whilst reading them, to have been, in the best sense, extemporaneously delivered. In that case Mr. Carlyle began the series, as we have heard, by bringing a manuscript which he evidently found much in his way, and presently abandoned. On the second evening he brought some notes or headings; but these also tripped him until he had left them. The remaining lectures were given like his conversation, which no one can hear without feeling that, with all its glow and inspiration, every sentence would be, if taken down, found faultless. It was so in his remarkable extemporaneous address yesterday. He had no notes whatever. 'But,' says our correspondent, in transmitting the report, 'I have never heard a speech of whose more remarkable qualities so few can be conveyed on paper. You will read of 'applause' and 'laughter,' but you will little realize the eloquent blood flaming up the speaker's cheek, the kindling of his eye, or the inexpressible voice and look when the drol-

leries were coming out. When he spoke of clap-trap books exciting astonishment 'in the minds of foolish persons,' the evident halting at the word '*fools*,' and the smoothing of his hair, as if he must be decorous, which preceded the change to 'foolish persons,' were exceedingly comical. As for the flaming bursts, they took shape in grand tones, whose impression was made deeper, not by raising, but by lowering the voice. Your correspondent here declares that he should hold it worth his coming all the way from London in the rain in the Sunday night train were it only to have heard Carlyle say, 'There is a nobler ambition than the gaining of all California, or the getting of all the suffrages that are on the planet just now!' In the first few minutes of the address there was some hesitation, and much of the shrinking that one might expect in a secluded scholar; but these very soon cleared away, and during the larger part, and to the close of the oration, it was evident that he was receiving a sympathetic influence from his listeners, which he did not fail to return tenfold. The applause became less frequent; the silence became that of a woven spell; and the recitation of the beautiful lines from Goethe, at the end, was so masterly—so marvellous—that one felt in it that Carlyle's real anathemas against rhetoric were but the expression of his knowledge that there is a rhetoric beyond all other arts."

In the *Times* the following leader appeared upon Mr. Carlyle's address :—

“ There is something in the return of a man to the haunts of his youth, after he has acquired fame and a recognised position in the world, which is of itself sufficient to arrest attention. We are interested in the retrospect and the contrast, the juxtaposition of the old and the new, the hopes of early years, the memory of the struggles and contests of manhood, the repose of victory. A man may differ as much as he pleases from the doctrines of Mr. Carlyle, he may reject his historical teachings, and may distrust his politics, but he must be of a very unkindly disposition not to be touched by his reception at Edinburgh. It is fifty-four years, he told the students of the University, since he, a boy of fourteen, came as a student, ‘ full of wonder and expectation,’ to the old capital of his native country, and now he returns, having accomplished the days of man spoken of by the Psalmist, that he may be honoured by students of this generation, and may give them a few words of advice on the life which lies before them.

“ The discourse of the new Lord Rector squared very well with the occasion. There was no novelty in it. New truths are not the gifts which the old offer the young ; the lesson we learn last is but the fulness of the meaning of what was only partially apprehended at first.

Mr. Carlyle brought out things familiar enough to everyone who has read his works ; there were the old platitudes and the old truths, and, it must be owned, mingled here and there with them the old errors. Time has, however, its recompenses, and if the freshness of youth seemed to be wanting in the address of the Rector, so also was its crudity. There was a singular mellowness in Mr. Carlyle's speech, which was reflected in the homely language in which it was couched. The chief lessons he had to enforce were to avoid cram, and to be painstaking, diligent, and patient in the acquisition of knowledge. Students are not to try to make themselves acquainted with the outsidés of as many things as possible, and 'to go flourishing about' upon the strength of their acquisitions, but to count a thing as known only when it is stamped on their mind. The doctrine is only a new reading of the old maxim, *non multa sed multum*, but it is as much needed now as ever it was. Still more appropriate to the present day was Mr. Carlyle's protest against the notion that a University is the place where a man is to be fitted for the special work of a profession. A University, as he puts it, teaches a man how to read, or, as we may say more generally, how to learn. It is not the function of such a place to offer particular and technical knowledge, but to prepare a man for mastering any science by teaching him the method of all. A child learns

the use of his body, not the art of a carpenter or smith, and the University student learns the use of his mind, not the professional lore of a lawyer or a physician. It is pleasant to meet with a strong reassertion of doctrines which the utilitarianism of a commercial and manufacturing age is too apt to make us all forget. Mr. Carlyle is essentially conservative in his notions on academic functions. Accuracy, discrimination, judgment, are with him the be-all and end-all of educational training. If a man has learnt to know a thing in itself, and in its relation to surrounding phenomena, he has got from a University what it is its proper duty to teach. Accordingly, we find him bestowing a good word on poor old Arthur Collins, who showed that he possessed these valuable qualities in the humble work of compiling a Peerage. The new Lord Rector is, however, as conservative in his choice of the implements of study as he is in the determination of its objects. The languages and the history of the great nations of antiquity he puts foremost, like any other pedagogue. The Greeks and the Romans are, he tells the Edinburgh students, 'a pair of nations shining in the records left by themselves as a kind of pillar to light up life in the darkness of the past ages;' and he adds that it would be well worth their while to get an understanding of what these people were, and what they did. It is here,

however, that an old error of Mr. Carlyle's crops up among his well-remembered truths. He quotes from Machiavelli—evidently agreeing himself with the sentiment, though he refrained from asking the assent of his audience to it—the statement that the history of Rome showed that a democracy could not permanently exist without the occasional intervention of a Dictator. It is possible that if Machiavelli had had the experience of the centuries which have elapsed since his day, he would have seen fit to alter his conclusion, and it is to be regretted that the admiration which Mr. Carlyle feels for the great men of history will not allow him to believe in the possibility of a political society where each might find his proper sphere and duty without disturbing the order and natural succession of the commonwealth. His judgment on this point is like that of a man who had only known the steam-engine before the invention of governor balls, and was ready to declare that its mechanism would be shattered if a boy were not always at hand to regulate the pressure of the steam. * * * We may turn, however, from this difference to another of Mr. Carlyle's doctrines, which mark at once his independence of thought and his respect for experience, where he declares the necessity for recognising the hereditary principle in government, if there is to be 'any fixity in things.' In the same way we find him almost lamenting the fact

that Oxford, once apparently so fast-anchored as to be immovable, has begun to twist and toss on the eddy of new ideas.

“It is impossible to glance at Mr. Carlyle’s Easter Monday discourse without recalling the oration which his predecessor pronounced on resigning office last autumn. * * * Mr. Carlyle is as simple and practical as his predecessor was dazzling and rhetorical. An ounce of mother wit, quotes the new Lord Rector, is worth a pound of clergy, and while he admires Demosthenes, he prefers the eloquence of Phocion. A little later he repeats his old doctrine on the virtue of silence, laments the fact that ‘the finest nations in the world—the English and the American—are going all away into wind and tongue,’ and protests that a man is not to be esteemed wise because he has poured out speech copiously. Mr. Carlyle has so often inculcated these sentiments in his books that there can be no suspicion of an *arrière pensée* in their utterance now, but the contrast between him and his predecessor is at the least instructive. Each does, however, in some measure, supply what is deficient in the other. No one would claim for the Chancellor of the Exchequer the intensity of power of his successor, but in his abundant energy, his wide sympathy with popular movement, and his real, if vague and indiscriminating, faith in the activity and progress of

modern life, he conveys lessons of trust in the present, and hopefulness in the future, which would be ill-exchanged for the patient and somewhat sad stoicism of Mr. Carlyle."

The appearance and manner of the lecturer on Hero-worship were thus sketched many years ago by a friend :—" His appearance is fine without being ostentatiously singular. His hair is dark ; his brow marked, though neither very broad nor very lofty ; his cheek is tinged with a healthy red, and his eye, the truest index of his genius, is flashing out, at times, a wild and mystic fire from its dark and quiet surface. He is above the middle size, stoops slightly, and dresses carefully, but without any approach to foppery. His address, somewhat high and distant at first, softens gradually into simplicity and cordial kindness. His conversation is abundant, inartificial, flowing on, and warbling as it flows ; more practical than one would expect from the cast of his writings, picturesque and graphic in high measure, full of results of extensive and minute observation, often terribly direct and strong, garnished with French and German phrase, rendered racy by the accompaniment of the purest Annandale accent, and coming to its climaxes, ever and anon, in long, deep chest-shaking bursts of laughter."

ADDRESS

DELIVERED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

GENTLEMEN,

I have accepted the office you have elected me to, and have now the duty to return thanks for the great honour done me. Your enthusiasm towards me, I admit, is very beautiful in itself, however undeserved it may be in regard to the object of it. It is a feeling honourable to all men, and one well known to myself when I was in a position analogous to your own. I can only hope that it may endure to the end—that noble desire to honour those whom you think worthy of honour, and come to be more and more select and discriminate in the choice of the object of it; for I can well understand that you will modify your opinions of me and many things else as you go on. (Laughter and cheers.) There are now fifty-six years gone last November since I first entered your city, a boy of not quite fourteen—fifty-six years ago—to attend classes here and gain knowledge of all

kinds, I know not what, with feelings of wonder and awe-struck expectation; and now, after a long, long course, this is what we have come to. (Cheers.) There is something touching and tragic, and yet at the same time beautiful, to see the third generation, as it were, of my dear old native land, rising up and saying, "Well, you are not altogether an unworthy labourer in the vineyard: you have toiled through a great variety of fortunes, and have had many judges." As the old proverb says, "He that builds by the wayside has many masters." We must expect a variety of judges; but the voice of young Scotland, through you, is really of some value to me, and I return you many thanks for it, though I cannot describe my emotions to you, and perhaps they will be much more conceivable if expressed in silence. (Cheers.)

When this office was first proposed to me, some of you know that I was not very ambitious to accept it. I was taught to believe that there were more or less certain important duties which would lie in my power. This, I confess, was my chief motive in going into it—at least, in reconciling the objections felt to such things; for if I can do anything to honour you

and my dear old *Alma Mater*, why should I not do so? (Loud cheers.) Well, but on practically looking into the matter when the office actually came into my hands, I find it grows more and more uncertain and abstruse to me whether there is much real duty that I can do at all. I live four hundred miles away from you, in an entirely different state of things; and my weak health—now for many years accumulating upon me—and a total unacquaintance with such subjects as concern your affairs here,—all this fills me with apprehension that there is really nothing worth the least consideration that I can do on that score. You may, however, depend upon it that if any such duty does arise in any form, I will use my most faithful endeavour to do whatever is right and proper, according to the best of my judgment. (Cheers.)

In the meanwhile, the duty I have at present—which might be very pleasant, but which is quite the reverse, as you may fancy—is to address some words to you on some subjects more or less cognate to the pursuits you are engaged in. In fact, I had meant to throw out some loose observations—loose in point of order I mean—in such a way as they may occur to me—the

truths I have in me about the business you are engaged in, the race you have started on, what kind of race it is you young gentlemen have begun, and what sort of arena you are likely to find in this world. I ought, I believe, according to custom, to have written all that down on paper and had it read out. That would have been much handier for me at the present moment (a laugh), but, when I attempted to write, I found that I was not accustomed to write speeches, and that I did not get on very well. So I flung that away, and resolved to trust to the inspiration of the moment—just to what came uppermost. You will therefore have to accept what is readiest, what comes direct from the heart, and you must just take that in compensation for any good order of arrangement there might have been in it.

I will endeavour to say nothing that is not true as far as I can manage, and that is pretty much all that I can engage for. (A laugh.) Advices, I believe, to young men—and to all men—are very seldom much valued. There is a great deal of advising, and very little faithful performing. And talk that does not end in any kind of action is better suppressed altogether. I

would not, therefore, go much into advising ; but there is one advice I must give you. It is, in fact, the summary of all advices, and you have heard it a thousand times, I dare say ; but I must nevertheless let you hear it the thousand and first time, for it is most intensely true, whether you will believe it at present or not—namely, that above all things the interest of your own life depends upon being diligent now, while it is called to-day, in this place where you have come to get education. Diligent ! That includes all virtues in it that a student can have ; I mean to include in it all qualities that lead into the acquirement of real instruction and improvement in such a place. If you will believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden season of life. As you have heard it called, so it verily is, the seed-time of life, in which, if you do not sow, or if you sow tares instead of wheat, you cannot expect to reap well afterwards, and you will arrive at indeed little ; while in the course of years, when you come to look back, and if you have not done what you have heard from your advisers—and among many counsellors there is wisdom—you will bitterly repent when it is too late. The habits of study acquired at Univer-

sities are of the highest importance in after-life. At the season when you are in young years the whole mind is, as it were, fluid, and is capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind pleases to order it to form itself into. The mind is in a fluid state, but it hardens up gradually to the consistency of rock or iron, and you cannot alter the habits of an old man, but as he has begun he will proceed to go on to the last. By diligence I mean among other things—and very chiefly—honesty in all your inquiries into what you are about. Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. More and more endeavour to do that. Keep, I mean to say, an accurate separation of what you have really come to know in your own minds and what is still unknown. Leave all that on the hypothetical side of the barrier, as things afterwards to be acquired, if acquired at all ; and be careful not to stamp a thing as known when you do not yet know it. Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence.

There is such a thing as a man endeavouring to persuade himself, and endeavouring to persuade others, that he knows about things when he does

not know more than the outside skin of them ; and he goes flourishing about with them. ("Hear, hear," and a laugh.) There is also a process called cramming in some Universities (a laugh)—that is, getting up such points of things as the examiner is likely to put questions about. Avoid all that is entirely unworthy of an honourable habit. Be modest, and humble, and diligent in your attention to what your teachers tell you, who are profoundly interested in trying to bring you forward in the right way, so far as they have been able to understand it. Try all things they set before you, in order, if possible, to understand them, and to value them in proportion to your fitness for them. Gradually see what kind of work you can do ; for it is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. In fact, morality as regards study is, as in all other things, the primary consideration, and overrides all others. A dishonest man cannot do anything real ; and it would be greatly better if he were tied up from doing any such thing. He does nothing but darken counsel by the words he utters. That is a very old doctrine, but a very true one ; and you will find it confirmed by all the

thinking men that have ever lived in this long series of generations of which we are the latest.

I daresay you know, very many of you, that it is now seven hundred years since Universities were first set up in this Europe of ours. Abelard and other people had risen up with doctrines in them the people wished to hear of, and students flocked towards them from all parts of the world. There was no getting the thing recorded in books as you may now. You had to hear him speaking to you vocally, or else you could not learn at all what it was that he wanted to say. And so they gathered together the various people who had anything to teach, and formed themselves gradually, under the patronage of kings and other potentates who were anxious about the culture of their populations, nobly anxious for their benefit, and became a University.

I daresay, perhaps, you have heard it said that all that is greatly altered by the invention of printing, which took place about midway between us and the origin of Universities. A man has not now to go away to where a professor is actually speaking, because in most cases he can get his doctrine out of him through a book, and

can read it, and read it again and again, and study it. I don't know that I know of any way in which the whole facts of a subject may be more completely taken in, if our studies are moulded in conformity with it. Nevertheless, Universities have, and will continue to have, an indispensable value in society—a very high value. I consider the very highest interests of man vitally intrusted to them.

In regard to theology, as you are aware, it has been the study of the deepest heads that have come into the world—what is the nature of this stupendous universe, and what its relations to all things, as known to man, and as only known to the awful Author of it. In fact, the members of the Church keep theology in a lively condition (laughter), for the benefit of the whole population, which is the great object of our Universities. I consider it is the same now intrinsically, though very much forgotten, from many causes, and not so successful as might be wished at all. (A laugh.) It remains, however, a very curious truth, what has been said by observant people, that the main use of the Universities in the present age is that, after you have done with all your classes, the next thing is a

collection of books, a great library of good books, which you proceed to study and to read. What the Universities have mainly done—what I have found the University did for me, was that it taught me to read in various languages and various sciences, so that I could go into the books that treated of these things, and try anything I wanted to make myself master of gradually, as I found it suit me. Whatever you may think of all that, the clearest and most imperative duty lies on every one of you to be assiduous in your reading; and learn to be good readers, which is, perhaps, a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading—to read all kinds of things that you have an interest in, and that you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in. Of course, at the present time, in a great deal of the reading incumbent on you you must be guided by the books recommended to you by your professors for assistance towards the prelections. And then, when you get out of the University, and go into studies of your own, you will find it very important that you have selected a field, a province in which you can study and work.

The most unhappy of all men is the man that

cannot tell what he is going to do, that has got no work cut out for him in the world, and does not go into it. For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—honest work, which you intend getting done. If you are in a strait, a very good indication as to choice—perhaps the best you could get—is a book you have a great curiosity about. You are then in the readiest and best of all possible conditions to improve by that book. It is analogous to what doctors tell us about the physical health and appetites of the patient. You must learn to distinguish between false appetite and real. There is such a thing as a false appetite, which will lead a man into vagaries with regard to diet, will tempt him to eat spicy things which he should not eat at all, and would not but that it is toothsome, and for the moment in baseness of mind. A man ought to inquire and find out what he really and truly has appetite for—what suits his constitution; and that, doctors tell him, is the very thing he ought to have in general. And so with books. As applicable to almost all of you, I will say that it is highly expedient to go into history—to inquire into what has passed

before you in the families of men. The history of the Romans and Greeks will first of all concern you ; and you will find that all the knowledge you have got will be extremely applicable to elucidate that. There you have the most remarkable race of men in the world set before you, to say nothing of the languages, which your professors can better explain, and which, I believe, are admitted to be the most perfect orders of speech we have yet found to exist among men. And you will find, if you read well, a pair of extremely remarkable nations shining in the records left by themselves as a kind of pillar to light up life in the darkness of the past ages ; and it will be well worth your while if you can get into the understanding of what these people were and what they did. You will find a great deal of hearsay, as I have found, that does not touch on the matter ; but perhaps some of you will get to see a Roman face to face ; you will know in some measure how they contrived to exist, and to perform these feats in the world ; I believe, also, you will find a thing not much noted, that there was a very great deal of deep religion in its form in both nations. That is noted by the wisest of historians, and particularly

by Ferguson, who is particularly well worth reading on Roman history ; and I believe he was an alumnus in our own University. His book is a very creditable book. He points out the profoundly religious nature of the Roman people, notwithstanding the wildness and ferociousness of their nature. They believed that Jupiter Optimus—Jupiter Maximus—was lord of the universe, and that he had appointed the Romans to become the chief of men, provided they followed his commands—to brave all difficulty, and to stand up with an invincible front—to be ready to do and die ; and also to have the same sacred regard to veracity, to promise, to integrity, and all the virtues that surround that noblest quality of men—courage—to which the Romans gave the name of virtue, manhood, as the one thing ennobling for a man.

In the literary ages of Rome, that had very much decayed away ; but still it had retained its place among the lower classes of the Roman people. Of the deeply religious nature of the Greeks, along with their beautiful and sunny effulgences of art, you have a striking proof, if you look for it.

In the tragedies of Sophocles, there is a most

distinct recognition of the eternal justice of Heaven, and the unfailing punishment of crime against the laws of God.

I believe you will find in all histories that that has been at the head and foundation of them all, and that no nation that did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awe-stricken and reverential feeling that there was a great unknown, omnipotent, and all-wise, and all-virtuous Being, superintending all men in it, and all interests in it—no nation ever came to very much, nor did any man either, who forgot that. If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world.

In our own history of England, which you will take a great deal of natural pains to make yourselves acquainted with, you will find it beyond all others worthy of your study; because I believe that the British nation—and I include in them the Scottish nation—produced a finer set of men than any you will find it possible to get anywhere else in the world. (Applause.) I don't know in any history of Greece or Rome where you will get so fine a man as Oliver Cromwell. (Applause.) And we have had men worthy of memory in our little corner of the

island here as well as others, and our history has been strong at least in being connected with the world itself—for if you examine well you will find that John Knox was the author, as it were, of Oliver Cromwell; that the Puritan revolution would never have taken place in England at all if it had not been for that Scotchman. (Applause.) That is an arithmetical fact, and is not prompted by national vanity on my part at all. (Laughter and applause.) And it is very possible, if you look at the struggle that was going on in England, as I have had to do in my time, you will see that people were overawed with the immense impediments lying in the way.

A small minority of God-fearing men in the country were flying away with any ship they could get to New England, rather than take the lion by the beard. They durstn't confront the powers with their most just complaint to be delivered from idolatry. They wanted to make the nation altogether conformable to the Hebrew Bible, which they understood to be according to the will of God; and there could be no aim more legitimate. However, they could not have got their desire fulfilled at all if Knox had not succeeded by the firmness and nobleness of his

mind. For he is also of the select of the earth to me—John Knox. (Applause.) What he has suffered from the ungrateful generations that have followed him should really make us humble ourselves to the dust, to think that the most excellent man our country has produced, to whom we owe everything that distinguishes us among modern nations, should have been sneered at and abused by people. Knox was heard by Scotland—the people heard him with the marrow of their bones—they took up his doctrine, and they defied principalities and powers to move them from it. “We must have it,” they said.

It was at that time the Puritan struggle arose in England, and you know well that the Scottish Earls and nobility, with their tenantry, marched away to Dunse-hill, and sat down there; and just in the course of that struggle, when it was either to be suppressed or brought into greater vitality, they encamped on the top of Dunse-hill—thirty thousand armed men, drilled for that occasion, each regiment around its landlord, its earl, or whatever he might be called, and eager for Christ’s Crown and Covenant. That was the signal for all England rising up into unappeasable determination to have the Gospel there

also, and you know it went on and came to be a contest whether the Parliament or the King should rule—whether it should be old formalities and use and wont, or something that had been of new conceived in the souls of men—namely, a divine determination to walk according to the laws of God here as the sum of all prosperity—which of these should have the mastery; and after a long, long agony of struggle, it was decided—the way we know. I should say also of that Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell's—notwithstanding the abuse it has encountered, and the denial of everybody that it was able to get on in the world, and so on—it appears to me to have been the most salutary thing in the modern history of England on the whole. If Oliver Cromwell had continued it out, I don't know what it would have come to. It would have got corrupted perhaps in other hands, and could not have gone on, but it was pure and true to the last fibre in his mind—there was truth in it when he ruled over it.

Machiavelli has remarked, in speaking about the Romans, that democracy cannot exist anywhere in the world; as a Government it is an impossibility that it should be continued, and he

goes on proving that in his own way. I do not ask you all to follow him in his conviction (hear); but it is to him a clear truth that it is a solecism and impossibility that the universal mass of men should govern themselves. He says of the Romans that they continued a long time, but it was purely in virtue of this item in their constitution—namely, that they had all the conviction in their minds that it was solemnly necessary at times to appoint a Dictator—a man who had the power of life and death over everything—who degraded men out of their places, ordered them to execution, and did whatever seemed to him good in the name of God above him. He was commanded to take care that the Republic suffered no detriment, and Machiavelli calculates that that was the thing that purified the social system from time to time, and enabled it to hang on as it did—an extremely likely thing if it was composed of nothing but bad and tumultuous men triumphing in general over the better, and all going the bad road, in fact. Well, Oliver Cromwell's Protectorate, or Dictatorate if you will, lasted for about ten years, and you will find that nothing that was contrary to the laws of Heaven was allowed to live by Oliver. (A laugh, and

applause.) For example, it was found by his Parliament, called "Barebones"—the most zealous of all Parliaments probably—(laughter)—that the Court of Chancery in England was in a state that was really capable of no apology—no man could get up and say that that was a right court. There were, I think, fifteen thousand or fifteen hundred—(laughter)—I don't really remember which, but we shall call it by the last (renewed laughter)—there were fifteen hundred cases lying in it undecided; and one of them, I remember, for a large amount of money, was eighty-three years old, and it was going on still. Wigs were waving over it, and lawyers were taking their fees, and there was no end of it, upon which the Barebones people, after deliberation about it, thought it was expedient, and commanded by the Author of Man and the Fountain of Justice, and for the true and right, to abolish the court. Really, I don't know who could have dissented from that opinion. At the same time, it was thought by those who were wiser, and had more experience of the world, that it was a very dangerous thing, and would never suit at all. The lawyers began to make an immense noise about it. (Laughter.) All the public, the great mass

of solid and well-disposed people who had got no deep insight into such matters, were very adverse to it, and the president of it, old Sir Francis Rouse, who translated the Psalms—those that we sing every Sunday in the church yet—a very good man and a wise man—the Provost of Eton—he got the minority, or I don't know whether or no he did not persuade the majority—he, at any rate, got a great number of the Parliament to go to Oliver the Dictator, and lay down their functions altogether, and declare officially with their signature on Monday morning that the Parliament was dissolved.

The thing was passed on Saturday night, and on Monday morning Rouse came and said, “We cannot carry on the affair any longer, and we remit it into the hands of your Highness.” Oliver in that way became Protector a second time.

I give you this as an instance that Oliver felt that the Parliament that had been dismissed had been perfectly right with regard to Chancery, and that there was no doubt of the propriety of abolishing Chancery, or reforming it in some kind of way. He considered it, and this is what he did. He assembled sixty of the wisest lawyers

to be found in England. Happily, there were men great in the law—men who valued the laws as much as anybody does now, I suppose. (A laugh.) Oliver said to them, “Go and examine this thing, and in the name of God inform me what is necessary to be done with regard to it. You will see how we may clean out the foul things in it that render it poison to everybody.” Well, they sat down then, and in the course of six weeks—there was no public speaking then, no reporting of speeches, and no trouble of any kind ; there was just the business in hand—they got sixty propositions fixed in their minds of the things that required to be done. And upon these sixty propositions Chancery was reconstituted and remodelled, and so it has lasted to our time. It had become a nuisance, and could not have continued much longer.

That is an instance of the manner in which things were done when a Dictatorship prevailed in the country, and that was what the Dictator did. Upon the whole, I do not think that, in general, out of common history books, you will ever get into the real history of this country, or anything particular which it would beseem you to know. You may read very ingenious and

very clever books by men whom it would be the height of insolence in me to do any other thing than express my respect for. But their position is essentially sceptical. Man is unhappily in that condition that he will make only a temporary explanation of anything, and you will not be able, if you are like the man, to understand how this island came to be what it is. You will not find it recorded in books. You will find recorded in books a jumble of tumults, disastrous ineptitudes, and all that kind of thing. But to get what you want you will have to look into side sources, and inquire in all directions.

I remember getting Collins' *Peerage* to read—a very poor peerage as a work of genius, but an excellent book for diligence and fidelity—I was writing on Oliver Cromwell at the time. (Applause.) I could get no biographical dictionary, and I thought the peerage book would help me, at least tell me whether people were old or young; and about all persons concerned in the actions about which I wrote. I got a great deal of help out of poor Collins. He was a diligent and dark London bookseller of about a hundred years ago, who compiled out of all kinds of treasury chests, archives, books that were au-

thentic, and out of all kinds of things out of which he could get the information he wanted. He was a very meritorious man. I not only found the solution of anything I wanted there, but I began gradually to perceive this immense fact, which I really advise every one of you who read history to look out for and read for—if he has not found it—it was that the kings of England all the way from the Norman Conquest down to the times of Charles I. had appointed, so far as they knew, those who deserved to be appointed, peers. They were all Royal men, with minds full of justice and valour and humanity, and all kinds of qualities that are good for men to have who ought to rule over others. Then their genealogy was remarkable—and there is a great deal more in genealogies than is generally believed at present.

I never heard tell of any clever man that came out of entirely stupid people. If you look around the families of your acquaintance, you will see such cases in all directions. I know that it has been the case in mine. I can trace the father, and the son, and the grandson, and the family stamp is quite distinctly legible upon each of them, so that it goes for a great deal—the

hereditary principle in Government as in other things ; and it must be recognised so soon as there is any fixity in things.

You will remark that if at any time the genealogy of a peerage fails—if the man that actually holds the peerage is a fool in these earnest striking times, the man gets into mischief and gets into treason—he gets himself extinguished altogether, in fact. (Laughter.)

From these documents of old Collins it seems that a peer conducts himself in a solemn, good, pious, manly kind of way when he takes leave of life, and when he has hospitable habits, and is valiant in his procedure throughout ; and that in general a King, with a noble approximation to what was right, had nominated this man, saying “Come you to me, sir ; come out of the common level of the people, where you are liable to be trampled upon ; come here and take a district of country and make it into your own image more or less ; be a king under me, and understand that that is your function.” I say this is the most divine thing that a human being can do to other human beings, and no kind of being whatever has so much of the character of God Almighty’s Divine Government as that

thing we see that went all over England, and that is the grand soul of England's history.

It is historically true that down to the time of Charles I. it was not understood that any man was made a peer without having a merit in him to constitute him a proper subject for a peerage. In Charles I.'s time it grew to be known or said that if a man was by birth a gentleman, and was worth 10,000*l.* a year, and bestowed his gifts up and down among courtiers, he could be made a peer. Under Charles II. it went on with still more rapidity, and has been going on with ever increasing velocity until we see the perfect break-neck pace at which they are now going. (A laugh.) And now a peerage is a paltry kind of thing to what it was in these old times. I could go into a great many more details about things of that sort, but I must turn to another branch of the subject.

One remark more about your reading. I do not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of subject, in most departments of books—in all books, if you take it in a wide sense—you will find that there is a division of good books and bad books

—there is a good kind of a book and a bad kind of a book. I am not to assume that you are all very ill acquainted with this; but I may remind you that it is a very important consideration at present. It casts aside altogether the idea that people have that if they are reading any book—that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I entirely call that in question. I even venture to deny it. (Laughter and cheers.) It would be much safer and better would he have no concern with books at all than with some of them. You know these are my views. There are a number, an increasing number, of books that are decidedly to him not useful. (Hear.) But he will learn also that a certain number of books were written by a supreme, noble kind of people—not a very great number—but a great number adhere more or less to that side of things. In short, as I have written it down somewhere else, I conceive that books are like men's souls—divided into sheep and goats. (Laughter and applause.) Some of them are calculated to be of very great advantage in teaching—in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others are going down, down, doing more and more, wilder and wilder mischief.

And for the rest, in regard to all your studies here, and whatever you may learn, you are to remember that the object is not particular knowledge—that you are going to get higher in technical perfections, and all that sort of thing. There is a higher aim lies at the rear of all that, especially among those who are intended for literary, for speaking pursuits—the sacred profession. You are ever to bear in mind that there lies behind that the acquisition of what may be called wisdom—namely, sound appreciation and just decision as to all the objects that come round about you, and the habit of behaving with justice and wisdom. In short, great is wisdom—great is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated. The highest achievement of man —“Blessed is he that getteth understanding.” And that, I believe, occasionally may be missed very easily; but never more easily than now, I think. If that is a failure, all is a failure. However, I will not touch further upon that matter.

In this University I learn from many sides that there is a great and considerable stir about endowments. Oh, I should have said in regard to book reading, if it be so very important, how very useful would an excellent library be in every

University. I hope that will not be neglected by those gentlemen who have charge of you—and, indeed, I am happy to hear that your library is very much improved since the time I knew it; and I hope it will go on improving more and more. You require money to do that, and you require also judgment in the selectors of the books—pious insight into what is really for the advantage of human souls, and the exclusion of all kinds of clap-trap books which merely excite the astonishment of foolish people. (Laughter.) Wise books—as much as possible good books.

As I was saying, there appears to be a great demand for endowments—an assiduous and praiseworthy industry for getting new funds collected for encouraging the ingenious youth of Universities, especially in this the chief University of the country. (Hear, hear.) Well, I entirely participate in everybody's approval of the movement. It is very *désirable*. It should be responded to, and one expects most assuredly will. At least, if it is not, it will be shameful to the country of Scotland, which never was so rich in money as at the present moment, and never stood so much in need of getting noble Univer-

sities to counteract many influences that are springing up alongside of money. It should not be backward in coming forward in the way of endowments (a laugh)—at least, in rivalry to our rude old barbarous ancestors, as we have been pleased to call them. Such munificence as theirs is beyond all praise, to whom I am sorry to say we are not yet by any manner of means equal or approaching equality. (Laughter.) There is an overabundance of money, and sometimes I cannot help thinking that, probably, never has there been at any other time in Scotland the hundredth part of the money that now is, or even the thousandth part, for wherever I go there is that gold-nuggeting (a laugh)—that prosperity. Many men are counting their balances by millions. Money was never so abundant, and nothing that is good to be done with it. (“Hear, hear,” and a laugh.) No man knows—or very few men know—what benefit to get out of his money. In fact, it too often is secretly a curse to him. Much better for him never to have had any. But I do not expect that generally to be believed. (Laughter.) Nevertheless, I should think it a beautiful relief to many a man that has an honest purpose struggling in him to bequeath a handsome

house of refuge, so to speak, for some meritorious man who may hereafter be born into the world, to enable him a little to get on his way. To do, in fact, as those old Norman kings whom I have described to you—to raise a man out of the dirt and mud where he is getting trampled, unworthily on his part, into some kind of position where he may acquire the power to do some good in his generation. I hope that as much as possible will be done in that way; that efforts will not be relaxed till the thing is in a satisfactory state. At the same time, in regard to the classical department of things, it is to be desired that it were properly supported—that we could allow people to go and devote more leisure possibly to the cultivation of particular departments.

We might have more of this from Scotch Universities than we have. I am bound, however, to say that it does not appear as if of late times endowment was the real soul of the matter. The English, for example, are the richest people for endowments on the face of the earth in their Universities; and it is a remarkable fact that since the time of Bentley you cannot name anybody that has gained a great name in scholarship

among them, or constituted a point of revolution in the pursuits of men in that way. The man that did that is a man worthy of being remembered among men, although he may be a poor man, and not endowed with worldly wealth. One man that actually did constitute a revolution was the son of a poor weaver in Saxony, who edited his "*Tibullus*" in Dresden in the room of a poor comrade, and who, while he was editing his "*Tibullus*," had to gather his pease-cod shells on the streets and boil them for his dinner. That was his endowment. But he was recognised soon to have done a great thing. His name was Heyne.

I can remember it was quite a revolution in my mind when I got hold of that man's book on Virgil. I found that for the first time I had understood him—that he had introduced me for the first time into an insight of Roman life, and pointed out the circumstances in which these were written, and here was interpretation; and it has gone on in all manner of development, and has spread out into other countries.

Upon the whole, there is one reason why endowments are not given now as they were in old days, when they founded abbeys, colleges, and all kinds of things of that description, with

such success as we know. All that has changed now. Why that has decayed away may in part be that people have become doubtful that colleges are now the real sources of that which I call wisdom, whether they are anything more—anything much more—than a cultivating of man in the specific arts. In fact, there has been a suspicion of that kind in the world for a long time. (A laugh.) What is an old saying, an old proverb, “An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy.” (Laughter.) There is a suspicion that a man is perhaps not nearly so wise as he looks, or because he has poured out speech so copiously. (Laughter.)

When the seven free Arts on which the old Universities were based came to be modified a little, in order to be convenient for or to promote the wants of modern society—though, perhaps, some of them are obsolete enough even yet for some of us—there arose a feeling that mere vocality, mere culture of speech, if that is what comes out of a man, though he may be a great speaker, an eloquent orator, yet there is no real substance there—if that is what was required and aimed at by the man himself, and by the community that set him upon becoming a

learned man. Maid-servants, I hear people complaining, are getting instructed in the "ologies," and so on, and are apparently totally ignorant of brewing, boiling, and baking (laughter); above all things, not taught what is necessary to be known, from the highest to the lowest—strict obedience, humility, and correct moral conduct. Oh, it is a dismal chapter, all that, if one went into it! What has been done by rushing after fine speech? I have written down some very fierce things about that, perhaps considerably more emphatic than I would wish them to be now; but they are deeply my conviction. (Hear, hear.) There is very great necessity indeed of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me the finest nations of the world—the English and the American—are going all away into wind and tongue. (Applause and laughter.) But it will appear sufficiently tragical by-and-by, long after I am away out of it. Silence is the eternal duty of a man. He wont get to any real understanding of what is complex, and, what is more than any other, pertinent to his interests, without maintaining silence. "Watch the tongue" is a very old precept, and a most true one. I do not want to discourage any of you from your

Demosthenes, and your studies of the niceties of language, and all that. Believe me, I value that as much as any of you. I consider it a very graceful thing, and a proper thing, for every human creature to know what the implement which he uses in communicating his thoughts is, and how to make the very utmost of it. I want you to study Demosthenes and know all his excellences. At the same time, I must say that speech does not seem to me, on the whole, to have turned to any good account.

Why tell me that a man is a fine speaker if it is not the truth that he is speaking? Phocion, who did not speak at all, was a great deal nearer hitting the mark than Demosthenes. (Laughter.) He used to tell the Athenians—"You can't fight Philip. You have not the slightest chance with him. He is a man who holds his tongue; he has great disciplined armies; he can brag anybody you like in your cities here; and he is going on steadily with an unvarying aim towards his object: and he will infallibly beat any kind of men such as you, going on raging from shore to shore with all that rampant nonsense." Demosthenes said to him one day—"The Athenians will get mad some day and kill you." "Yes,"

Phocion says, "when they are mad ; and you as soon as they get sane again." (Laughter.)

It is also told about him going to Messina on some deputation that the Athenians wanted on some kind of matter of an intricate and contentious nature, that Phocion went with some story in his mouth to speak about. He was a man of few words—no unveracity ; and after he had gone on telling the story a certain time there was one burst of interruption. One man interrupted with something he tried to answer, and then another ; and, finally, the people began bragging and bawling, and no end of debate, till it ended in the want of power in the people to say any more. Phocion drew back altogether, struck dumb, and would not speak another word to any man ; and he left it to them to decide in any way they liked.

It appears to me there is a kind of eloquence in that which is equal to anything Demosthenes ever said—"Take your own way, and let me out altogether." (Applause.)

All these considerations, and manifold more connected with them—innumerable considerations, resulting from observation of the world at this moment—have led many people to doubt of

the salutary effect of vocal education altogether. I do not mean to say it should be entirely excluded; but I look to something that will take hold of the matter much more closely, and not allow it slip out of our fingers, and remain worse than it was. For if a good speaker—an eloquent speaker—is not speaking the truth, is there a more horrid kind of object in creation? (Loud cheers.) Of such speech I hear all manner and kind of people say it is excellent; but I care very little about how he said it, provided I understand it, and it be true. Excellent speaker! but what if he is telling me things that are untrue, that are not the fact about it—if he has formed a wrong judgment about it—if he has no judgment in his mind to form a right conclusion in regard to the matter? An excellent speaker of that kind is, as it were, saying—“Ho, every one that wants to be persuaded of the thing that is not true, come hither.” (Great laughter and applause.) I would recommend you to be very chary of that kind of excellent speech. (Renewed laughter.)

Well, all that being the too well-known product of our method of vocal education—the mouth merely operating on the tongue of the

pupil, and teaching him to wag it in a particular way (laughter)—it had made a great many thinking men entertain a very great distrust of this not very salutary way of procedure, and they have longed for some kind of practical way of working out the business. There would be room for a great deal of description about it if I went into it; but I must content myself with saying that the most remarkable piece of reading that you may be recommended to take and try if you can study is a book by Goethe—one of his last books, which he wrote when he was an old man, about seventy years of age—I think one of the most beautiful he ever wrote, full of mild wisdom, and which is found to be very touching by those who have eyes to discern and hearts to feel it. It is one of the pieces in “*Wilhelm Meister’s Travels*.” I read it through many years ago; and, of course, I had to read into it very hard when I was translating it (applause), and it has always dwelt in my mind as about the most remarkable bit of writing that I have known to be executed in these late centuries. I have often said, there are ten pages of that which, if ambition had been my only rule, I would rather have written than have

written all the books that have appeared since I came into the world. (Cheers.) Deep, deep is the meaning of what is said there. They turn on the Christian religion and the religious phenomena of Christian life—altogether sketched out in the most airy, graceful, delicately-wise kind of way, so as to keep himself out of the common controversies of the street and of the forum, yet to indicate what was the result of things he had been long meditating upon. Among others, he introduces, in an ærial, flighty kind of way, here and there a touch which grows into a beautiful picture—a scheme of entirely mute education, at least with no more speech than is absolutely necessary for what they have to do.

Three of the wisest men that can be got are met to consider what is the function which transcends all others in importance to build up the young generation, which shall be free from all that perilous stuff that has been weighing us down and clogging every step, and which is the only thing we can hope to go on with if we would leave the world a little better, and not the worse of our having been in it for those who are to follow. The man who is the eldest of the three

says to Goethe, " You give by nature to the well-formed children you bring into the world a great many precious gifts, and very frequently these are best of all developed by nature herself, with a very slight assistance where assistance is seen to be wise and profitable, and forbearance very often on the part of the overlooker of the process of education ; but there is one thing that no child brings into the world with it, and without which all other things are of no use." Wilhelm, who is there beside him, says, " What is that ?" " All who enter the world want it," says the eldest ; " perhaps you yourself." Wilhelm says, " Well, tell me what it is." " It is," says the eldest, " reverence—*Ehrfurcht*—Reverence ! Honour done to those who are grander and better than you, without fear ; distinct from fear." *Ehrfurcht*—" the soul of all religion that ever has been among men, or ever will be." And he goes into practicality. He practically distinguishes the kinds of religion that are in the world, and he makes out three reverences. The boys are all trained to go through certain gesticulations, to lay their hands on their breast and look up to heaven, and they give their three reverences. The first and simplest is that of

reverence for what is above us. It is the soul of all the Pagan religions ; there is nothing better in man than that. Then there is reverence for what is around us or about us—reverence for our equals, and to which he attributes an immense power in the culture of man. The third is reverence for what is beneath us—to learn to recognise in pain, sorrow, and contradiction, even in those things, odious as they are to flesh and blood—to learn that there lies in this a priceless blessing. And he defines that as being the soul of the Christian religion—the highest of all religions ; a height, as Goethe says—and that is very true, even to the letter, as I consider—a height to which the human species was fated and enabled to attain, and from which, having once attained it, it can never retrograde. It cannot descend down below that permanently, Goethe's idea is.

Often one thinks it was good to have a faith of that kind—that always, even in the most degraded, sunken, and unbelieving times, he calculates there will be found some few souls who will recognise what that meant ; and that the world, having once received it, there is no fear of its retrograding. He goes on then to tell us the

way in which they seek to teach boys, in the sciences particularly, whatever the boy is fit for. Wilhelm left his own boy there, expecting they would make him a Master of Arts, or something of that kind ; and when he came back for him he saw a thundering cloud of dust coming over the plain, of which he could make nothing. It turned out to be a tempest of wild horses, managed by young lads who had a turn for hunting with their grooms. His own son was among them, and he found that the breaking of colts was the thing he was most suited for. (Laughter.) This is what Goethe calls Art, which I should not make clear to you by any definition unless it is clear already. (A laugh.) I would not attempt to define it as music, painting, and poetry, and so on ; it is in quite a higher sense than the common one, and in which, I am afraid, most of our painters, poets, and music men would not pass muster. (A laugh.) He considers that the highest pitch to which human culture can go ; and he watches with great industry how it is to be brought about with men who have a turn for it.

Very wise and beautiful it is. It gives one an idea that something greatly better is possible for

man in the world. I confess it seems to me it is a shadow of what will come, unless the world is to come to a conclusion that is perfectly frightful; some kind of scheme of education like that, presided over by the wisest and most sacred men that can be got in the world, and watching from a distance—a training in practicality at every turn; no speech in it except speech that is to be followed by action, for that ought to be the rule as nearly as possible among them. For rarely should men speak at all unless it is to say that thing that is to be done; and let him go and do his part in it, and to say no more about it. I should say there is nothing in the world you can conceive so difficult, *prima facie*, as that of getting a set of men gathered together—rough, rude, and ignorant people—gather them together, promise them a shilling a day, rank them up, give them very severe and sharp drill, and by bullying and drill—for the word “drill” seems as if it meant the treatment that would force them to learn—they learn what it is necessary to learn; and there is the man, a piece of an animated machine, a wonder of wonders to look at. He will go and obey one man, and walk into the cannon’s mouth for him, and do anything whatever that is com-

manded of him by his general officer. And I believe all manner of things in this way could be done if there were anything like the same attention bestowed. Very many things could be regimented and organized into the mute system of education that Goethe evidently adumbrates there. But I believe, when people look into it, it will be found that they will not be very long in trying to make some efforts in that direction; for the saving of human labour, and the avoidance of human misery, would be uncountable if it were set about and begun even in part.

Alas! it is painful to think how very far away it is—any fulfilment of such things; for I need not hide from you, young gentlemen—and that is one of the last things I am going to tell you—that you have got into a very troublous epoch of the world; and I don't think you will find it improve the footing you have, though you have many advantages which we had not. You have careers open to you, by public examinations and so on, which is a thing much to be approved, and which we hope to see perfected more and more. All that was entirely unknown in my time, and you have many things to recognise as advantages. But you will find the ways of the

world more anarchical than ever, I think. As far as I have noticed, revolution has come upon us. We have got into the age of revolutions. All kinds of things are coming to be subjected to fire, as it were; hotter and hotter the wind rises around everything.

Curious to say, now in Oxford and other places that used to seem to lie at anchor in the stream of time, regardless of all changes, they are getting into the highest humour of mutation, and all sorts of new ideas are getting afloat. It is evident that whatever is not made of asbestos will have to be burnt in this world. It will not stand the heat it is getting exposed to. And in saying that, it is but saying in other words that we are in an epoch of anarchy—anarchy *plus* the constable. (Laughter.) There is nobody that picks one's pocket without some policeman being ready to take him up. (Renewed laughter.) But in every other thing he is the son, not of Cosmos, but of Chaos. He is a disobedient, and reckless, and altogether a waste kind of object—a commonplace man in these epochs; and the wiser kind of man—the select, of whom I hope you will be part—has more and more a set time to it to look forward, and will require to move

with double wisdom ; and will find, in short, that the crooked things that he has to pull straight in his own life, or round about, wherever he may be, are manifold, and will task all his strength wherever he may go.

But why should I complain of that either ?—for that is the thing a man is born to in all epochs. He is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for—to stand it out to the last breath of life, and do his best. We are called upon to do that ; and the reward we all get—which we are perfectly sure of if we have merited it—is that we have got the work done, or, at least, that we have tried to do the work ; for that is a great blessing in itself ; and I should say there is not very much more reward than that going in this world. If the man gets meat and clothes, what matters it whether he have 10,000*l.*, or 10,000,000*l.*, or 70*l.* a year. He can get meat and clothes for that ; and he will find very little difference intrinsically, if he is a wise man.

I warmly second the advice of the wisest of men—“Don’t be ambitious ; don’t be at all too desirous of success ; be loyal and modest.”

Cut down the proud towering thoughts that you get into you, or see they be pure as well as high. There is a nobler ambition than the gaining of all California would be, or the getting of all the suffrages that are on the planet just now. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

Finally, gentlemen, I have one advice to give you, which is practically of very great importance, though a very humble one.

I have no doubt you will have among you people ardently bent to consider life cheap, for the purpose of getting forward in what they are aiming at of high ; and you are to consider throughout, much more than is done at present, that health is a thing to be attended to continually—that you are to regard that as the very highest of all temporal things for you. (Applause.) There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What are nuggets and millions ? The French financier said, “ Alas ! why is there no sleep to be sold ? ” Sleep was not in the market at any quotation. (Laughter and applause.)

It is a curious thing that I remarked long ago, and have often turned in my head, that the old word for “ holy ” in the German language—

beilig—also means “healthy.” And so *Heilbronn* means “holy-well,” or “healthy-well.” We have in the Scotch “hale ;” and, I suppose our English word “whole”—with a “w”—all of one piece, without any hole in it—is the same word. I find that you could not get any better definition of what “holy” really is than “healthy”—completely healthy.” *Mens sana in corpore sano.* (Applause.)

A man with his intellect a clear, plain, geometric mirror, brilliantly sensitive of all objects and impressions around it, and imaging all things in their correct proportions—not twisted up into convex or concave, and distorting everything, so that he cannot see the truth of the matter without endless groping and manipulation—healthy, clear, and free, and all round about him. We never can attain that at all. In fact, the operations we have got into are destructive of it. You cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation—if you are going to write a book—at least, I never could—without getting decidedly made ill by it, and really you must if it is your business—and you must follow out what you are at—and it sometimes is at the expense of health. Only remember at all times

to get back as fast as possible out of it into health, and regard the real equilibrium as the centre of things. You should always look at the *heilig*, which means holy, and holy means healthy.

Well, that old etymology — what a lesson it is against certain gloomy, austere, ascetic people, that have gone about as if this world were all a dismal prison-house ! It has, indeed, got all the ugly things in it that I have been alluding to ; but there is an eternal sky over it, and the blessed sunshine, verdure of spring, and rich autumn, and all that in it, too. Piety does not mean that a man should make a sour face about things, and refuse to enjoy in moderation what his Maker has given. Neither do you find it to have been so with old Knox. If you look into him you will find a beautiful Scotch humour in him, as well as the grimmest and sternest truth when necessary, and a great deal of laughter. We find really some of the sunniest glimpses of things come out of Knox that I have seen in any man ; for instance, in his “ History of the Reformation,” which is a book I hope every one of you will read—a glorious book.

On the whole, I would bid you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not be

afraid of it—not in sorrows or contradiction to yield, but pushing on towards the goal. And don't suppose that people are hostile to you in the world. You will rarely find anybody designedly doing you ill. You may feel often as if the whole world is obstructing you, more or less; but you will find that to be because the world is travelling in a different way from you, and rushing on in its own path. Each man has only an extremely good will to himself—which he has a right to have—and is moving on towards his object. Keep out of literature as a general rule, I should say also. (Laughter.) If you find many people who are hard and indifferent to you in a world that you consider to be inhospitable and cruel—as often, indeed, happens to a tender-hearted, stirring young creature—you will also find there are noble hearts who will look kindly on you, and their help will be precious to you beyond price. You will get good and evil as you go on, and have the success that has been appointed to you.

I will wind up with a small bit of verse that is from Goethe also, and has often gone through my mind. To me it has the tone of a modern psalm in it in some measure. It is sweet and

clear. The clearest of sceptical men had not anything like so clear a mind as that man had—freer from cant and misdirected notion of any kind than any man in these ages has been. This is what the poet says:—

The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow :
We press still thorow ;
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us—Onward !

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal.
Stars silent rest o'er us—
Graves under us, silent.

While earnest thou gazest
Comes boding of terror,
Come phantasm and error;
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The works and the Ages :
“Choose well. Your choice is
Brief, and yet endless.”

Here eyes do regard you
In Eternity's stillness ;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you.
Work, and despair not.

One last word. *Wir heissen euch hoffen*—we bid you be of hope. Adieu for this time.

The benediction was then pronounced, and the assemblage separated, Mr. Carlyle being followed to his lodging by an enthusiastic band of students.





